

# Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY FEB. 2, 1921.

NUMBER 15

## Do You Know?

That only three men have been killed in Columbia, in private difficulties, since the civil war?

That near the Eubank spring, in this place, there was once a deer lick, and more than seventy-five deer were killed at this spring?

That one hundred and eighteen years have passed since the first courthouse was built in Columbia?

That Columbia has been an educational point for sixty-seven years, and that in 1856-7 more than seventy-five young men from the Southern States were in school here?

That quite a number of men who became prominent in Kentucky and other States received the rudiments of their education in Columbia?

That Dr. Nathan Gaither was the first Congressman from Adair county?

That Columbia was the home of Thos. E. Bramlett when he became the Governor of the State?

That the present Baptist church building is the third one that has been erected in this place? The two that were razed were not sufficient for the growing population.

That Judge H. C. Baker has been a local practitioner at the Columbia bar longer than any other one man?

That Drs. S. B. Field and Hector Owens, in their day, practiced their profession over four or five nearby counties? The writer can remember when they were frequently called in to Wayne and Clinton counties.

That Timoleon Cravens, the father of Mr. M. Cravens, was one of the noted Democratic politicians of Kentucky, and often made speeches over the State?

That Geo. Alfred Caldwell was the most brilliant Congressman ever served from Adair county?

That General Frank Wolford was the most patriotic?

That Nat Gaither, before he removed to Harrodsburg, was the most captivating speaker at this bar?

That no lawyer ever wielded more influence in his practice than the late Judge Jas. Garnett?

That at this time Columbia has a bar that ranks with the best?

That since Adair county was created, more than a hundred years ago, there have been only seven legal hangings, four white men and three negroes? The negroes were executed near where the toll gate stood on the Burkesville pike.

That Columbia once had a nail factory and a hatter's shop?

That Mark Twain's grandfather once run a hotel where the post-office now stands?

That Columbia held the Circuit Judgeship for more than forty years and during that period the following resident lawyers served one or more terms: Benjamin Monroe, Zach Wheat, Thos. E. Bramlette, T. T. Alexander, Jas. Garnett, W. W. Jones and H. C. Baker?

That General S. G. Suddarth was not only a successful lawyer, but was a humorous of wide reputation? He could entertain a crowd for hours, and his admirers were constantly by his side.

That Daniel Booty and John H. Sanders were two English teachers who came to this county years ago and made wide reputations as instructors? Prof. Booty died in the county, and Prof. Sanders was a book-keeper in Norton's Bank, Louisville, when he reached his end.

That no town in Kentucky, the size of Columbia, has turned out as many prominent men as this habitation? We have had a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, three Congressmen, two Attorney Generals, two members of the Court of Appeals, Judge Rollin now the Chief Justice, and a number of State Senators. At one time two of the most prominent lawyers in the State—Geo. Alfred and Isaac Caldwell, who removed from Columbia to Louisville, and who died in that city,

honored and respected by all men. Geo. Alfred Caldwell also commanded a regiment in the Mexican war.

That when the site for Columbia was selected there was a fight on for several weeks. Benjamin Bowmar, the first sheriff of Adair county, and his followers favored a plot of ground lying near Glensfork, and Wm. Caldwell and his followers made the fight for the present location. The choice was submitted to a vote of the county and the Caldwell side won.

That on that part of Columbia, known as Russell Heights, there was once a race track, and that race horse men from Tennessee and from various points in Kentucky were here with their runners every Spring? The races usually lasted ten days, and a great deal of money changed hands.

## Was Yarberry's Launch.

The gasoline launch found beached at Rockhaven, Ind., yesterday and at first believed to have been abandoned there by W. H. Griffith, triple murderer, an escaped West Virginia convict, belongs to M. Ray Yarberry, 2416 Elliott avenue, well-known Republican and Twelfth ward leader.

The Yarberry launch either was stolen or broke away from its moorings below the old White City park.—Louisville Post.

## To the Ladies.

Did you know that the greatest fad with the ladies and a source of pleasure and profit, is embroidering dresses, placé, table and mantel scarfs, center pieces, chair tidies, sofa pillow tops and many other pretty things for the home and for sale, with the Parisian Art Embroidery needle? Its a fact. Any lady, or even a seven year old child can learn to use the needle in five minutes. More than five thousand needles sold in Columbus alone. A needle, with full instructions for using and a nice sofa pillow top, stamped ready for working, will be sent for only one dollar. Circulars and samples of thread free. Address Mrs. Rachel V. Thomas, 3260 River Road, Columbus, Ga.

## Notice to Ex-Soldier.

The American Legion will meet again Monday, Feb. 7th, at 2 p. m., in our new building over Russell & Co.'s Dept. Store. Every ex-soldier is invited to be present.

John Rose,  
Post Adjutant.

Mr. A. B. Young, of Cumberland county, brother of Mr. L. M. Young, was here a few days ago. While here he purchased a pair of mules from Sam Burdette.

Rollin Hadley, who was arrested in this county, three weeks ago as a suspected horse thief by Sheriff Cortez Sanders and Jailer Tarter and carried to Hart County, where the animal was stolen, proved to be the right man. His case came on for trial last week, and he confessed his guilt and was given two years in the penitentiary. Sheriff Sanders and Jailer Tarter were present to appear against him. Hadley has a number of relatives in this county.

My thoroughbred Jersey bull is now ready for service. Fee, \$1.50 at the gate. I will not brake this rule!  
Jo Barbee,  
1110t Columbia, Ky.

We desire to extend our condolences to Judge Hal Graham, of Greensburg, who lost his mother January 19, 1921. The deceased was 79 years old, a highly respected and much beloved woman. The end came at the home of a daughter, in Hart county.

Intestinal worms destroy the health of children and weaken their vitality. The worms should be expelled before serious damage is done. White's Cream Vermifuge is a thoroughly successful remedy. Price, 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co.

## OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

The total crude oil production of the United States in 1920 was 443,615,598 barrels.

Oil is now being marketed from the Creelsboro field, and the wells there are showing up very satisfactorily under pump.

Kash, Yantis & Kash, have drilled in their No. 1 well on the T. M. Radford farm, near Bakerton, at a depth of a little less than 200 feet, and it has been flowing very freely. This farm adjoins the Russ Gilbert farm on Brush Creek, where the Southern Oil & Refining Company have been so successful in drilling within the past few months.

In last week's issue I inadvertently stated that Messrs. J. B. Doolittle, Worcester, New York, and Bee Whittis, Somerset, Ky., are jointly interested in the development of this territory, when I should have said each of them are interested in operations in the field. Mr. Doolittle has one drilling rig at work in the field and he contemplates bringing in an additional rig at an early date.

Messrs. A. Z. Monell and P. A. Krause, Los Angeles, California, were here last week for the purpose of inspecting certain oil acreage in the southern part of Russell county with a view to operating in that field a little later on. They expect to return here sometime within the next few months when they contemplate the beginning of development work in that section on an extensive scale.

Dr. C. A. Doolittle, of Portageville, New York, one of the prominent operators of the country, arrived here the latter part of the past week to make a survey of this territory, and he will no doubt begin development work in the local field at no distant date.

A report comes from Albany, Ky., that the Russell Oil Company, Louisville, who have been operating very extensively in the fields of Eastern Kentucky, will move several drilling rigs to the Beech Bottom section, of Clinton county and the northern part of Pickett county, Tenn., where they will make thorough and deep tests of their large holdings in those sections. A well was drilled in Beech Bottom recently to a depth of 1785 feet, striking the Knox Dolomite formation, and with fine results.

## Sale Notice.

We will on Saturday the 12th day of February, 1921, at the residence of the late J. E. Stotts, near Bliss, Ky., offer for sale to the highest bidder, a lot of household and kitchen furniture and other personal property too numerous to mention, the property of the estate of Emma Stotts, deceased. Terms to be made known on day of sale.

C. D. and Clarice Cheatham,  
Executors of Emma Stotts.

In an attack of acute rheumatism in which there is much pain Ballard's Snow Liniment is a necessary part of the treatment. It is a powerful pain relief. Three sizes, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

## Down Again.

Pilgrim Coffee 12¢ cents,  
Monarch Coffee 20 cents,  
10 lbs Sugar \$1.00

Russell & Co.

The sleet last Tuesday put the city clock out of commission. It cost the county one thousand dollars and it should be protected from the weather. Glass faces could be put over the hands.

Home grown clover seed for sale. \$15.00 per bushel.

W. I. Feese,  
Cane Valley, Ky.

Next Monday will be County court. If it should be a fair day a large number of people will be in Columbia.

## Miss Fearless & Co. at Greensburg.

The young ladies and young men of the Lindsey-Wilson making up this company visited Greensburg last Friday and at 7:30 in the evening they were greeted by an immense audience at the Sunnyside Theater. In fact the building could not seat the people and many had to return to their homes.

The very best people in Greensburg interested themselves, showing the troupe marked courtesy. Their friendly disposition was highly appreciated by every member of the play, and upon their return home the historic old town of Greensburg was praised for the kindly manner in which the company was received and patronized.

There was not a jar during the entire evening, and when the curtain dropped many ladies and gentlemen made their way to the stage, and were very profuse in their compliments of the composition of the play and the faultless manner in which it was rendered.

There were many former students of the Lindsey-Wilson, some of them living miles out of town, who were in the audience, praising the school in which some of their happy days, in years gone by, were spent.

## Fair Warning.

Some good advice to Farmers. Now is the time to sell your Good Tobacco, unless you wish to take less or hold it for an indefinite time. In a short time the the upper counties will have their crop marketed, the manufacturer will probably be off the market, and you will be left entirely without order men.

Dark tobacco sold over our floors Monday, Jan. 31st, general average \$7.92; Burley, \$9.78.

Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co.,  
Campbellsville, Ky.

It is easy to get rid of the misery of heartburn or indigestion. Herbine goes right to the spot. It drives out the badly digested food and makes you feel fine. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

## Died Near Cane Valley.

Last Saturday Mr. Beckham Givens, a young man, died of brain fever near Cane Valley. He was a good citizen and was sick only a few days. Peace to his memory.

Judge T. A. Murrell and Dr. J. N. Murrell have returned from Jacksonville, Fla., where they were called to attend the funeral of their sister, Mrs. Mattie Vance. The deceased had made many friends by her Christian character in her adopted home, and the funeral was largely attended. The deceased leaves two children, Mr. W. M. Vance, who lives in Jacksonville, and a married daughter, whose home is in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Vance's death brought sorrow to many homes in Adair county, where she was born and reared.

Our sales for 1920 were by far the largest we have ever had. We will try to make 1921 another record breaker. In a few days we will be receiving new purchases of stock in all departments. Prices will be the lowest that cash can obtain.

Russell & Co.

Mrs. Emily Rice, a native of this county, died at Lakeland on the 25th of January. She was committed to the asylum at Hopkinsville in 1876, and transferred to Lakeland in 1896. She was committed by Rudolph Rice, and we take it that he is dead. She was a relative of Mr. J. H. Pelley and Mrs. Brack Massie, this place.

For fresh Home made candy, go to the bakery. 14-4t

This office wants to buy a second hand cherry or walnut wardrobe, in good condition. Apply at once.

## Died in Taylor County.

Mr. Walter W. Ingram, who was born and reared in Adair county, an uncle of Mr. H. B. Ingram, this place, died in Taylor county last week, aged 89 years. He was a leading member of the Baptist Church, and was a true Kentucky gentleman. It will be a long time before Taylor county sees his like, and his Church has lost one of its most influential members.

## To Burley Tobacco Growers.

There will be a mass meeting of the tobacco growers of Adair held in the courthouse next Saturday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Every grower is interested, and if they will attend they will learn something that will be worth much to them. After this meeting the Farmers' Union will meet and elect delegates to the State Convention, and will transact such other business as may come before the Union.

A. O. Young, Secretary.

If your head is dizzy on stooping or rising suddenly and everything turns black before the eyes, you have a torpid liver. Take Herbine. It is a powerful liver regulator. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

## Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Jas. McClure, Myrtle Lester, Edgar W. Reed, Gobel Clayton, Dr. O. S. Dunbar, S. C. Brockman, A. G. Wilmore, J. O. Hood, H. B. Garnett, P. H. Ingram, Mrs. W. E. Jeffries, Mrs. Patra Bryant, Sam Murrell, P. M. Bryant, Miss Bettie Glimmer, Mrs. H. W. Cundiff, S. C. Hood, Dave Willin, G. C. Wilson, Geo. O. Barnes, J. M. Russell, Mrs. Puss Williams, Alfred Murrell, Mrs. Lena Paul, Charley Cole, E. E. Cole, Dr. T. T. Baker, Mrs. Venie Cole, Mrs. Mary Cheatham, Mrs. Sallie Traylor, G. D. Parrish, Mrs. Rena Paul, Mrs. John McFarland, G. W. Hayes, J. C. Brownlee, Robert E. Phillips, T. B. Lasley, Elijah Melson, C. P. Bell, T. E. Waggener.

## Held Over.

Lone Willis, a grandson of Solomon McKinley, about 16 years old, charged with shooting and killing his cousin, Marvin Conover, about the same age, was given an examining trial last Friday. There were quite a number of witnesses, for and against. The plea of the defense was accidental shooting. The case was tried before Judge W. S. Sinclair, who held the accused in the sum of \$1,000 which he readily gave, his mother and grandfather signing the bond.

The young men who are leaving the old home for Dayton, Akron, Detroit or any other manufacturing city, had better make a contract for work before leaving. Nearly all the factories are shut down and hands by the hundreds are discharged every week. For a support that lasts, we advise our Adair county boys to remain on the farm. Wages may not be as high but what we get will stay with you.

Our shoe department is full up with dependable shoes at the new spring prices.

Russell & Co.

Mr. R. L. Prewitt, who shot and killed Judge Sam K. Baird in Shelbyville, some weeks ago, is an uncle by marriage, to Messrs. J. C. and Elmo Strange and Mrs. H. W. Depp, this place. His wife was a sister of the Strange boy's father, Capt. J. L. Strange, who died at Burkesville a few years ago.

## For Sale.

A good roomy house, comparatively new, 3 acres of ground, all necessary outbuildings in the town of Columbia. Two pair of good work mules. This property will be sold right. See J. T. Goodman, or call, phone, 187.

## Woman's Missionary Society.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist church of Columbia meets Tuesday afternoons after each first Sunday and the programs which are prepared by our Missionary leaders are both interesting and instructive. Our Slogan is, "Every Methodist woman a member of the Missionary Society." We believe it is a duty of every woman who accepts the teachings of Jesus Christ to join a missionary and do their part in trying to redeem a lost world. The last command of our Lord applies to His disciples of today as same as to those who were present when He gave it and if you love the cause for which He suffered and died, join in and help us with this great work of sending the gospel to those who are less fortunate than we. Foreigners are coming to our shores by the thousands and we must christianize them or they will paganize us." They are a part of God's creation and we, who have the light are, in a large measure, responsible for their eternal welfare. We do not have to leave our native land to do missionary work. People who know not of God's power to save from sin and superstition, and the idol worshippers are not all on the other side of the seas. We have them at our very doors. I fear sometimes we have the wrong name—Christian America. The president of our Missionary Council says: "Without a doubt, America is the greatest mission field in the world." I deem it a privilege to have part in sending the light into the dark, benighted corners of earth and telling lost men that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life. He is depending upon us, shall we disappoint Him or shall we, in the beginning of this new year resolve in our hearts we will do more for Him this year than we did last, and if we are not members of the Missionary Society, put this resolution into action by joining and serving Him in this way? Can you not give Him an hour or two of your time each month; twelve hours in a whole year, to serve Him in this capacity? Come to the church at 2 p. m., February 8th, and study with us, the History, the need of Redemption and establishing Righteousness within the Gates of the great city of New Orleans.

May we each have a vision of the fields, white with already wasting grain; of our duties and responsibilities and go forth in His name and strength to meet these responsibilities and make records we will not be ashamed of when we appear before the Judge of all the earth to render an account of our stewardship.

Mrs. T. J. Wade.

Liquid Borozon is an efficient healing remedy for human or animal flesh. It mends a severe wound, sore, cut or scratch in the shortest possible time. Price, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

Last Wednesday was the most disagreeable day of the winter. It sleeted all day and the ground was very cold and slick. You made one step forward and came back two. The telephone and electric wires became crossed and service was unavoidably bed.

There can be no legal hunting in this State until July 1st, at which time the season for killing squirrels starts, and will last until December 15.

Spring Dress Gingham, standard brands 20 cents per yard.

Russell & Co.

Mr. G. W. Hayes, Montpelier, enclosing his renewal, says, "I have been taking the News for twenty-one years and cannot do without it."

## Lost, Christmas.

Tan kid glove, on public square or near it. Finder will please call News office.

J. N. Coffey purchased a fine saddle horse from Perry Smith for \$1.50.



# The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

BY  
**PETER B. KYNE**  
AUTHOR OF "CAPPY RICKS"  
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## SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I.**—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan.

**CHAPTER II.**—At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor to Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

**CHAPTER III.**—While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty.

**CHAPTER IV.**—After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Col. Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Col. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

## CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1850 a topsail schooner slipped into the cove under Trinidad head and dropped anchor at the edge of the kelp-fields. Fifteen minutes later her small-boat deposited on the beach a man armed with long squirrel rifle and an axe, and carrying food and clothing in a brown canvas pack. From the beach he watched the boat return and saw the schooner weigh anchor and stand out to sea before the northwest trades. When she had disappeared from his ken, he swung his pack to his broad and powerful back and strode resolutely into the timber at the mouth of the river.

The man was John Cardigan; "in that lonely, hostile land he was the first pioneer. This is the tale of Cardigan and Cardigan's son, for in his chosen land the pioneer leader in the giant's task of heaving a path was to know the bliss of woman's love and of parenthood, and the sorrow that comes of the loss of a perfect mate; he was to know the tremendous joy of accomplishment and worldly success after infinite labor; and in the sunset of life he was to know the dull despair of failure and ruin. Because of these things there is a tale to be told, the tale of Cardigan's son, who, when his sire fell in the fray, took up the fight to save his heritage—a tale of life with its love and hate, its battle, victory, defeat, labor, joy, and sorrow, a tale of that unconquerable spirit of youth which spurred Bryce Cardigan to lead a forlorn hope for the sake not of wealth but of an ideal. Hark, then, to this tale of Cardigan's redwoods:

Along the coast of California, through the secret valleys and over the tumbled foothills of the Coast range, extends a belt of timber of an average width of thirty miles. In approaching it from the Oregon line the first tree looms suddenly against the horizon—an outpost, as it were, of the host of giants whose column stretches south nearly four hundred miles to where the last of the rear-guard maintains eternal sentry-go on the crest of the mountains overlooking Monterey bay. Far in the interior of the state, beyond the fertile San Joaquin valley, the allies of this vast army hold a small sector on the west slope of the Sierras.

These are the redwood forests of California, the only trees of their kind in the world and indigenous only to these two areas within the state. Notwithstanding sixty years of attrition, there remain in this section of the redwood belt thousands upon thousands of acres of virgin timber that had already attained a vigorous growth when Christ was crucified.

In sizes ranging from five to twenty feet in diameter, the brown trunks rise perpendicularly to a height of from ninety to a hundred and fifty feet before putting forth a single limb, which frequently is more massive than the growth which men call a tree in the forests of Michigan. Scattered between the giants, like subjects around their king, one finds noble fir, spruce, or pines, with some Valparaiso live oak, black oak, pepperwood, madrone, yew, and cedar.

John Cardigan settled in Humboldt county, where the sequoia sempervirens attains the pinnacle of its glory, and with the lust for conquest hot in his blood, he fled upon a quarter-section of the timber almost on the shore of Humboldt bay—land upon which a city subsequently was to be built. With his double-headed axe and crosscut saw John Cardigan brought the first of the redwood giants crashing to the earth, above which it had towered for twenty centuries, and in the form of split posts, railroad ties, pickets, and shakes, the fallen giant was hauled to tidewater in ox-drawn wagons and shipped to San Francisco in the little two-masted coasting schooners of the period. Here, by the abominable magic of barter and trade, the dismembered tree was transmuted

into dollars and cents and returned to Humboldt county to assist John Cardigan in his task of heaving an empire out of a wilderness.

Time passed. John Cardigan no longer swung an axe or dragged a cross-cut saw through a fallen redwood. He was an employer of labor now, well known in San Francisco as a manufacturer of split-redwood products, the purchasers sending their own schooners for the cargo. And presently John Cardigan mortgaged all of his timber holdings with a San Francisco bank, made a heap of his winnings, and like a true adventurer staked his all on a new venture—the first sawmill in Humboldt county. The timbers for it were hewed out by hand; the boards and planks were whipsawed.

It was a tiny mill, judged by present-day standards, for in a fourteen-hour working day John Cardigan and his men could not cut more than twenty thousand feet of lumber. Nevertheless, when Cardigan looked at his mill, his great heart would swell with pride.

"Here," said John Cardigan to himself exultingly when a long-drawn wall told him his circular saw was biting into the first redwood log to be milled since the world began, "I shall build a city and call it Sequoia. By to-morrow I shall have cut sufficient timber to make a start. First I shall build for my employees better homes than the rude shacks and tent-houses they now occupy; then I shall build myself a fine residence with six rooms, and the room that faces the bay shall be the parlor. When I can afford it, I shall build more houses. I shall encourage tradesmen to set up in business in Sequoia and to my city I shall present a church and a schoolhouse. We shall have a volunteer fire department, and if God is good, I shall, at a later date, get out some long-length fir-timber and build a schooner to freight my lumber to market. And she shall have three masts instead of two, and carry half a million feet of lumber instead of two hundred thousand. First, however, I must build a steam tugboat to tow my schooner in and out over Humboldt bar. And after that—ah, well! That is sufficient for the present."

Thus did John Cardigan dream, and as he dreamed he worked. The city of Sequoia was born with the Argonaut's six-room mansion of rough redwood boards and a dozen three-room cabins with lean-to kitchens; and the tradespeople came when John Cardigan, with something of the largeness of his own redwood trees, gave them ground and lumber in order to encourage the building of their enterprises. Also the dream of the schoolhouse and the church came true, as did the steam tugboat and the schooner with three masts.

At forty John Cardigan was younger than most men at thirty, albeit he worked fourteen hours a day, slept eight, and consumed the remaining two at his meals. But through all those fruitful years of toil he had still found time to dream, and the spell of the redwoods had lost none of its potency.

At forty-two Cardigan was the first mayor of Sequoia. At forty-four he was standing on his dock one day, watching his tug kick into her berth the first square-rigged ship that had ever come to Humboldt bay to load a cargo of clear redwood for foreign delivery. She was a big Bath-built clipper, and her master a lusty down-Easter, a widower with one daughter who had come with him around the Horn. John Cardigan saw this girl come up on the quarter-deck and stand by with a heaving-line in her hand; calmly she fixed her glance upon him, and as the ship was shunted in closer to the dock, she made the cast to Cardigan. He caught the light heaving-line, hauled in the heavy Manila stem-line to which it was attached, and slipped the loop of the mooring-cable over the dolphin at the end of the dock.

"Some men wanted aft here to take up the slack of the stem-line on the windlass, sir," he shouted to the skipper, who was walking around on top of the house. "That girl can't haul her in alone."

"Can't—I'm short-handed," the skipper replied. "Jump aboard and help her."

Cardigan made a long leap from the dock to the ship's rail, balanced there lightly a moment, and sprang to the deck. He inserted a belaying-pin in the windlass, paused and looked at the girl. "Raise a chantey," he suggested. Instantly she lifted a sweet contralto in that rollicking old ballad of the sea—"Blow the Men Down."

Round the windlass Cardigan walked, steadily and easily, and the girl's eyes widened in wonder as he did the

work of three powerful men. When the ship had been warped in and the slack of the line made fast on the bitts, she said:

"Please run for'd and help my father with the bowlines. You're worth three foremast hands. Indeed, I didn't expect to see a sailor on this dock."

"I had to come around the Horn to get here, Miss," he explained, "and when a man hasn't money to pay for his passage, he needs must work it."

"I'm the second mate," she explained. "We had a succession of gales from the Falklands to the Evangelistas, and there the mate got her in irons and she took three big ones over the taffrail and cost us eight men. Working short-handed, we couldn't get any canvas on her to speak of—long voyage, you know, and the rest of the crew got scurvy."

"You're a brave girl," he told her. "And you're a first-class A. B.," she replied. "If you're looking for a berth, my father will be glad to ship you."

"Sorry, but I can't go," he called as he turned toward the companion ladder. "I'm Cardigan, and I own this sawmill and must stay here and look after it."

There was a light, exultant feeling in his middle-aged heart as he scamped along the deck. The girl had wonderful dark auburn hair and brown eyes, with a milk-white skin that sun and wind had sought in vain to blemish. And for all her girlhood she was a woman—bred from a race (his own people) to whom danger and despair merely furnished a tonic for their courage. What a mate for a man! And she looked at him proudly.

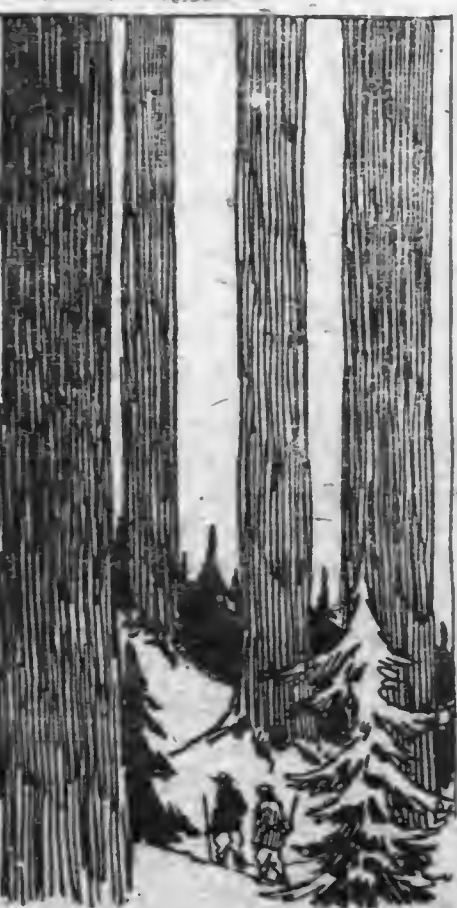
They were married before the ship was loaded, and on a knoll of the ogged-over lands back of the town and commanding a view of the bay, with the dark-forested hills in back and the little second-growth redwoods flourishing in the front yard, he built the finest home in Sequoia. Here his son Bryce was born, and here, two days later, the new-made mother made her supreme sacrifice of maternity.

For half a day following the destruction of his Eden John Cardigan sat dumbly beside his wife, his great, hard hand caressing the auburn head whose every thought for three years had been his happiness and comfort. Then the doctor came to him and mentioned the matter of funeral arrangements.

Cardigan looked up at him blankly. "Funeral arrangements?" He passed up his gnarled hand over his leonine head. "Ah, yes, I suppose so. I shall attend to it."

He rose and left the house, walking with bowed head out of Sequoia, up he abandoned and decaying skid-road through the second-growth redwoods to the dark green blur that darkened the old timber, up the skid-road recently syamped from the landing to the down timber where the roscut men and barkpeelers were at work, on into the green timber where he woods-boss and his men were hopping.

"Come with me, McTavish," he said to his woods-boss. They passed through a narrow gap between two low hills and emerged in a long narrow valley where the redwoods grew thickly and where the smallest trees were not less than fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet tall. McTavish followed at his master's heels as they penetrated this rove, making their way with difficulty through the underbrush until



They Came at Length to a Little Amphitheater.

they came at length to a little amphitheater, a clearing perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, oval-shaped and surrounded by a wall of redwoods of such dimensions that even McTavish, who was no stranger to these natural marvels, was struck with wonder.

"McTavish," Cardigan said, "she died this morning."

"I'm sore distressed for you, sir," the woods-boss answered. "We'd a whisper in the camp yesterday that the lass was like to be in a bad way."

Cardigan scuffed with his foot a clear space in the brown litter. "Take two men from the section-gang, McTavish," he ordered, "and have them dig her grave here; then swamp a trail through the underbrush and out to the donkey-landing, so we can carry her in. The funeral will be private."

McTavish nodded. "Any further orders, sir?"

"Yes. When you come to that little gap in the hills, cease your logging and bear off yonder." He waved his hand. "I'm not going to cut the timber in this valley. You see, McTavish, what it is. The trees here—ah, man, I haven't the heart to destroy God's most wonderful handiwork. Besides, she loved this spot, McTavish, and she called the valley her Valley of the Giants. I—I gave it to her for a wedding present because she had a bit of a dream that some day the town I started would grow up to yonder gap, and when that time came and we could afford it, 'twas in her mind to give her Valley of the Giants to Sequoia for a city park, all hidden away here and unsuspected."

"She loved it, McTavish, 'twas our playhouse, McTavish, and I who am no longer young—I who never played until I met her—I—I'm a bit foolish, I fear, but I found rest and comfort here, McTavish, even before I met her, and I'm thinking I'll have to come here often for the same. She was like this sunbeam, McTavish. She—she—"

"Aye," murmured McTavish huskily. "I ken. Ye wouldna gie her a common or a public spot in which to wait for ye. An' ye'll be shuttin' down the mill an' loggin'-camps an' layin' off the hands in her honor for a bit?"

"Until after the funeral, McTavish. And tell your men they'll be paid for the lost time. That will be all, lad."

When McTavish was gone, John Cardigan sat down on a small sugarpine windfall, his head held slightly to one side while he listened to that which in the redwoods is not sound but rather the absence of it. And as he listened, he absorbed a subtle comfort from those huge brown trees, so emblematic of immortality; in the thought he grew close to his Maker, and presently found that peace which he sought. Love such as theirs could never die. . . . The tears came at last.

At sundown he walked home bearing an armful of rhododendrons and dogwood blossoms, which he arranged in the room where she lay. Then he sought the nurse who had attended her.

"I'd like to hold my son," he said gently. "May I?"

She brought him the baby and placed it in his great arms that trembled so; he sat down and gazed long and earnestly at this flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood. "You'll have her hair and skin and eyes," he murmured. "My son, my son, I shall love you so, for now I must love for two. Sorrow I shall keep from you; please God, and happiness and worldly comfort shall I leave you when I go to her." He nuzzled his grizzled cheek against the baby's face. "Just you and my trees," he whispered. "Just you and my trees to help me to hang on to a plucky finish."

For love and paternity had come to him late in life, and so had his first great sorrow; wherefore, since he was not accustomed to these heritages of all flesh, he would have to adjust himself to the change. But his son and his trees—ah, yes they would help.

And he would gather more redwoods now!

## CHAPTER II.

A young half-breed Digger woman who had suffered the loss of the latest of her numerous progeny two days prior to Mrs. Cardigan's death, was installed in the house as nurse to John Cardigan's son, whom he called Bryce, the family name of his mother's people. A Mrs. Tully, widow of Cardigan's first engineer in the mill, was engaged as housekeeper and cook; and with his domestic establishment reorganized along these simple lines, John Cardigan turned with added eagerness to his business affairs, hoping between them and his boy to salvage as much as possible from what seemed to him, in the first pangs of his loneliness and desolation, the wreckage of his life.

While Bryce was in swaddling clothes he was known only to those females of Sequoia to whom his half-breed foster mother proudly exhibited him when taking him abroad for an airing in his perambulator. With his advent into rompers, however, and the assumption of his American prerogative of free speech, his father developed the habit of bringing the child down to the mill office, to which he added a playroom that connected with his private office. Hence, prior to his second birthday, Bryce divined that his father was closer to him than motherly Mrs. Tully or the half-breed girl. Moreover, his father took him on wonderful journeys which no other member of the household had even suggested.

Of all their adventures together, however, those which occurred on their frequent excursions up to the Valley of the Giants impressed themselves imperishably upon Bryce's memory. How well he remembered their first trip, when, seated astride his father's shoulders with his sturdy little legs around Cardigan's neck and his chubby little hands clasping the old man's ears, they had gone up the abandoned skid-road and into the semi-darkness of the forest, terminating suddenly in a shower of sunshine that fell in an open space where a boy could roll and play and never get dirty. Bryce looked forward with eagerness to those frequent trips with his father "to the place where Mother dear went to heaven."

When Bryce was six years old, his father sent him to the public school in Sequoia with the children of his loggers and mill-hands, thus laying the foundation for a democratic edu-

Continued on Page 6.

# CALUMET BAKING POWDER SAVES THREE WAYS



YOU SAVE WHEN YOU BUY IT



YOU SAVE TIME WHEN YOU USE IT



YOU SAVE MATERIALS IT IS USED WITH



## HAVE YOU NOTICED THIS?

A pound can of Calumet contains full 16 oz. Some baking powders come in 12 oz cans instead of 16 oz. cans. Be sure you get a pound when you want it.

Highest Quality  
Highest Awards



## LINDSEY WILSON TRAINING SCHOOL COLUMBIA KENTUCKY.

Offers strong courses in Grades, High School, Normal, Piano and Voice. Athletics under a trained athlete. Wholesome environment, Student body of high moral character.  
Rates \$180.00 a year. Catalogue upon request.  
R. V. Bennett, B. A. Principal.

## OUR NEW STORE

619 South Fourth, Near Chestnut St  
is easily accessible, right in the shopping district of Louisville, and we would be glad to see our many friends and patrons of Adair county at our new quarters.

The same integrity, painstaking service and rock bottom prices prevail here with greatly improved facilities, we can serve you better than ever in your need for

WALL PAPER, RUGS, DRAPERIES  
LINOLEUM and CARPETS

Hubbuck Bros. & Wellendorff  
INCORPORATED

For More Than 40 Years on Market Street

One of the Best Stores of Louisville, Ky.







## Adair County News

Published On Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor  
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, ManagerDemocratic newspaper devoted to the interest  
of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair  
and adjoining counties.Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second  
mail matter.

WEDN. FEB. 2, 1921.

Subscription Price: 1st and 2nd Postal Zone  
1.50 per year.  
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year.  
A Subscription due and Payable in Advance

## Announcements.

## For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that  
W. B. Patteson is a candidate for  
Sheriff of Adair county, subject to  
the action of the Republican party,  
expressed at the August primary.

## For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Geo  
T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of  
the Adair County Court, subject to  
the action of the Republican primary  
to be held the first Saturday in Au-  
gust.

## For Sheriff.

After talking with many friends, I  
have decided to become a Candidate  
for Sheriff of Adair County, subject  
to the action of the Republican party  
at the primary election to be held on  
August 6th, 1921. If elected I prom-  
ise faithful service in the performance  
of my duties, I shall feel deeply  
grateful to all who may see proper to  
give me their support and influence.

Very Truly Yours,  
George Coffey.

## FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr.  
Bingham Moore a candidate for Coun-  
ty Court Clerk of Adair County, sub-  
ject to the action of the Republican  
party, as expressed at the primary,  
first Saturday in August.

## FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce that  
A. A. Huddleston, of Cumberland  
County, is a candidate for re-election  
to the office of Commonwealth's At-  
torney in this the 29th Judicial dis-  
trict, subject to the action of the Re-  
publican primary to be held the first  
Saturday in August, 1921.

An extra session of the Legis-  
lature would cost the taxpayers  
of Kentucky \$100,000. Gov.  
Morrow's personal friends do  
not believe that he will place  
this burden upon the honey-  
handed sons of toil for a parti-  
san reason—redistricting the  
State.

Dr. Horace H. Grant, who was  
one of Louisville's most promi-  
nent physicians and surgeons,  
aged 67 years, died of apoplexy  
Monday of last week. His wife  
before her marriage was Miss  
Lelia Owsley, of Burkesville, a  
daughter of Judge W. F. Owsley,  
who died some years ago at the  
age of 91.

Somerset now has two Repub-  
lican papers. Roy B. Eades is  
the man who has started the  
last venture. He evidently  
has more money than he knows  
what to do with. After he goes  
up against old established pa-  
pers, for a few months, he will

learn that running a county pa-  
per is a very expensive business,  
all going out, nothing coming in.  
We admire Mr. Eades' pluck for  
it certainly takes courage to  
start a new publication in Som-  
erset.

The testimony against Dr.  
Winnes, now on trial for murder-  
ing the mountain school teacher,  
Miss Lura Parsons, weakens as  
the case proceeds. While the  
testimony is circumstantial, it is  
strong, and at the same time it  
looks like the accused will be  
convicted. It was a horrible  
murder, and the man who com-  
mitted it should be put to death.  
The trial is going on at Harlan,  
Ky.

State Senators Harriss, Nunn  
and Perry and Gov. Morrow are  
not agreed. The Senators pub-  
licly state that Gov. Morrow  
promised them that in the event  
that he should call an extra ses-  
sion of the Legislature, he would  
not include redistricting in the  
call. The Governor says he did  
not make the statement. Now  
you have it two State Senators  
against the Governor. Take your  
choice.

Night riders appeared in Bath  
and Ballard counties last week,  
called upon tobacco growers,  
warning them against growing a  
crop for 1921, and also notifying  
them that they must not sell this  
years crop on the loose leaf mar-  
kets. They made threats against  
the growers in the event they  
violated their injunction. The  
Governor has offered a reward for  
any or all of them.

Much is being written now  
about disarmament. A cable  
from Paris, dated Jan. 22, throws  
some light upon the subject. It  
reads in part as follows: "What-  
ever suggestions toward world  
disarmament made by Senator  
Harding after he assumes the  
American presidency will be  
blocked by France." France  
proposes to stand pat on her  
League of Nations' declarations,  
not only by refusing to disarm,  
but decline also to sign any cov-  
enant preventing her from in-  
creasing her army in the com-  
ing year. This means that the  
President elect will absolutely  
fail if he attempts to tackle the  
disarmament problem.

The New Year is young yet,  
and many of our subscribers  
have entered upon new time,  
and there are quite a few who  
owe for the paper for 1920. We  
do not want to lose a single sub-  
scriber, but at the same time we  
are anxious for all in arrears to  
call or send in the amount due.  
Running a newspaper is an ex-  
pensive business, and our bills  
must be met promptly. We  
have been indulgent and our sub-  
scribers should appreciate the sit-  
uation and pay without further  
delay. It is our intention to give  
you a readable paper each week  
during the year 1921 and the  
help of those who are indebted to  
us at this time would certainly  
be appreciated.

On the second page of this pa-  
per Judge Walter S. Sinclair an-  
nounces his candidacy for re-  
election to the office of County  
Judge, subject to the action of  
the Republican party. This po-  
sition has been held by Judge  
Sinclair for more than three  
years and his efficiency is well-  
known to the voters of Adair

county. In viewing his candi-  
dacy it should be taken into con-  
sideration that his experience in  
the office, better qualifies him for  
the position than he was four  
years ago. He is a man who  
keeps office, and what we mean  
by this statement is, that he is  
at all times found in it, unless  
prevented by sickness. He is a  
courteous gentleman, one who  
endeavors to do the right thing  
between man and man, endeavor-  
ing to make his decisions ac-  
cording to law, knowing no litigant  
upon the bench. Under  
his management the county af-  
fairs have been well conducted,  
and should he deviate from his  
present course in the future, he  
will, if possible, be more diligent  
than in the past. His object  
will be to see that every litigant  
coming before his Court will get  
justice. Judge Sinclair was born  
and reared near Pellyton, and  
those who were reared with him  
have the utmost confidence in  
his integrity. Besides having  
been honored with the office of  
County Judge, some years ago  
he served a term in the Lower  
House of the Kentucky Legisla-  
ture. His wife was a Miss Mills,  
daughter of Capt. Ed Mills, and  
she and four interesting daugh-  
ters grace his home. At this  
time Judge Sinclair merely wants  
the people to know that he is be-  
fore them for re-election and lat-  
ter he will go over the county  
and personally present his claims.

Louisville will have completed  
by April 1, on Fourth Avenue, a  
\$1,000,000 moving picture show.

According to the Commission-  
er, the first year of prohibition  
in the United States has been a  
success.

The Russian Reds are massing  
their divisions on the Balkan  
frontier, and there is danger of  
an invasion.

Sales Starts

Feb 1st.

Lasts

10 Days

Russell & Taylor  
February Clean-out Sale

On Drugs And Drug Sundries

Bargains

Of

All

Kinds

Special 25c  
Talcum Powder  
2 Cans  
25c.

## Toilet Articles

Mavis Talcum Powder	.23
Azurea Toilet water	\$1.59
Azurea Face Powder	1.69
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream	.48
Palm Olive Shampoo	.60
Mum	.23
Dorins Rouge	.54
Rouge	.10
Lava Oil Soap, 2 cakes	.25
Glycerine Tar Soap	.05
Witch Hazel Soap	.08
Large assortment of Toilet Soap, 3 cakes	.25
Olive Oil Castile Soap	.08
Powder Puffs, 2 in	.08
Powder Puffs, 3 in	.12
Colgates Dental Cream	.24

## Special

75c

## Rook Cards

60c

## Candy

A Full Pound Box Of  
Chocolate Coated Cherries  
79c

Lowneys Box Candy \$1.50

## Cold Remedies and Tonics

Vapomenth Salve, Small	.25
Vapomenth Salve, Large	.50
Vicks Salve, Small	.28
Vicks Salve, Large	.56
Pinex	.56
Dr. Drakes Croup Remedy	.50
Dr. Bells Pine Tar Honey	.56
Bronchiline	.24
Manola	1.35
Wampole's Cod Liver Oil	.89
Gray's Glycerine Tonic	1.25
Milk's Emulsion	.55
S. S. S.	1.00
Nuxated Iron	1.00
Tanalic	1.00
Lax Fes	.55

## Cigarettes and Pipes

Reyno 2 pkg.	.15
Camel	.18
Chesterfield	.18
Piedmont	.18
Lucky Strike	.18
Fatima	.23
Omar	.23
60 Pipes	.50
\$6.00 French Briar Pipes	4.98

Special \$1.25  
Box Stationery 87c  
\$2.00 Size  
\$1.62

## Miscellaneous

15c Tooth Brushes	.08
25c Tooth Brushes	.12
50c Tooth Brushes	.45
75c Dressing Combs	.58
50c Dressing Combs	.38
\$1.25 Bill Folds	\$1.00
50c Bill Folds	.38
\$1.25 Box Paper	.87
\$2.00 Box Paper	\$1.62

## DOLLS AT COST.

Large asst. Pencil Tablets	.05
15c Linen Tablets	.10
15 per cent. off on our entire stock of Cut Glass.	
20 per cent. off on our large stock of French Ivory, consisting of Dresser Sets, Manicure Sets, Clocks, Trays, Mirrors, Hair Brushes, Clothes Brushes, Military Brushes, and odd pieces.	

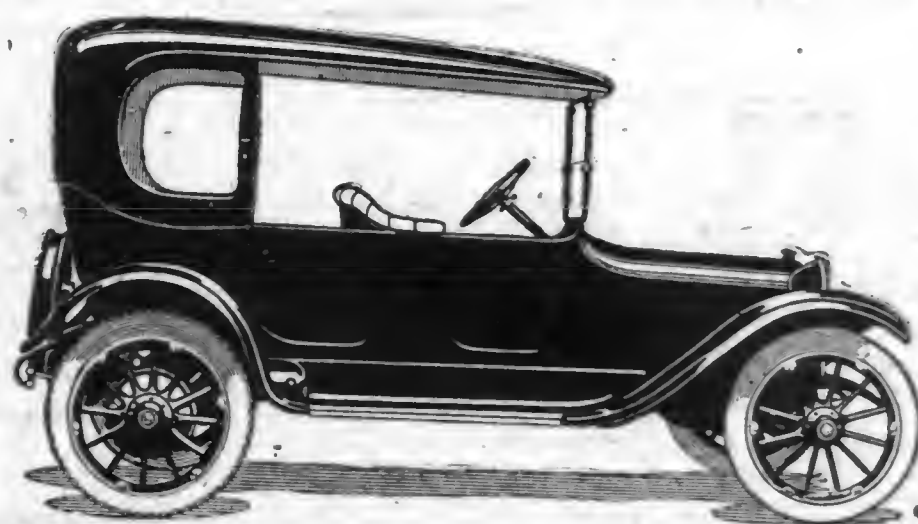
Be Sure

You Visit

Our

Bargain Counter

## Columbia Auto Co.



## First Class Garage and Car Line

## TAXI LINE

COLUMBIA AND CAMPBELLVILLE

## CARS DAILY

Leaves Columbia, : : 4 a. m. and 10 a. m.

Leaves Campbellville, : : 12 m. and 8 p. m.

Special Attention To The Traveling Public.

We Take Care Of All Baggage.

We do first-class Garage Work. Garranteeing all our work to  
give entire satisfaction. If your Car needs repairing, bring it in while  
we have ample time to give it our best attention. Come early to  
avoid the Spring Rush.

We give you service Anywhere, Night or Day. If your Car  
goes bad on you ANYWHERE, ANY TIME, NIGHT OR DAY, Call 96 A.,  
and we will be RIGHT OUT ON THE JOB and give you FIRST-CLASS  
SERVICE and charge you REASONABLE.

We also handle the best tire made—THE RED TOP FISK.  
We have given this Tire a thorough test on all kinds of roads, and  
have found none to be its equal, and we highly recommend it, and  
guarantee a 5,000 mile adjustment basis. If you are going to need  
any Tires or Tubes, give us an opportunity to show you before you  
purchase. Call 96 A. or 96 B.

## PROPRIETORS

Clell Tarter  
Bradley TarterStanley Epperson  
Henry Morgan.



# L. R. CHELF'S

## 19¢ SALE



EVERYBODY IN  
Knifley, Kentucky,  
And The Northern Part Of  
**ADAIR COUNTY**  
is talking about this wonderful  
**19c SALE**

We have taken advantage of many  
special offerings made by manu-  
facturers and jobbers and are  
therefore able to offer one of the  
most remarkable selling events  
we have ever held.

This is your opportunity  
to purchase goods worth  
up to 50c at this low price.

BEGINS SATURDAY  
**FEBRUARY 8.**  
CONTINUES 10 DAYS

Dr. Frank D. Hines and wife, Den-  
ver, Col., arrived in Columbia last  
Friday night. The Doctor is the  
President of the Southern Oil & Re-  
fining Company, and he is operating  
in Cumberland county. He has found  
oil and is now arranging to pipe it.

### Local News

#### TAKE STOCK

OF YOUR  
HEALTH NOW

Winter Brings Many Ills to Pale,  
Overworked People

#### TAKE PEPTO-MANGAN.

Fortify Your System—Good Blood  
Will Give You New Strength  
to Keep Well.

If you feel the least bit run down,  
not necessarily sick, but tired and  
blue and sort of down and out, it  
shows plainly that your power of re-  
sistance is low.

It is dangerous to go around that  
way. You don't want to do it.

Make no mistake about it, when you  
feel yourself slipping into lazy habits,  
getting indifferent to the things you  
naturally like—no energy, no vigor, al-  
ways tired—it is time to look out. It  
may not mean that you are sick or  
that you will be. But there are dis-  
eases that would have an easy time of  
it with your system when your blood  
has no fighting qualities.

You want to be well and keep well  
and feel strong. If you build up the  
quality of your blood by taking Pepto-  
Mangan you will be in trim to fight off  
winter ill. It has just the right in-  
gredients to build your blood up with  
rich, red corpuscles.

Pepto-Mangan gives your blood the  
qualities it needs to pick you up and  
start you off on a healthy basis. You  
will notice the difference soon after  
you start taking it. You will have  
better color, better feeling, and more  
energy.

You can take it in liquid or tablet  
form as you prefer. Both have the  
same ingredients. But be sure you  
get the genuine Gude's Pepto-Mangan.  
Ask for it by that name—"Gude's  
Pepto-Mangan," and be sure the full  
name is on the package.—Advertisement.

#### Columbia Taxi Line.

Ford Cars to and from Campbell-  
ville Daily. Rates \$1.50 each way.  
Phone No. 52-E or 12, or see  
R. L. Wettingham, Columbia Ky.  
12-11

#### No Cheap Money in 1921, Says M. A. Traylor.

Melvin A. Traylor, president of the  
First Trust and Savings bank, says  
money rates will not decrease in 1921.

"There will be no cheap money in  
1921," he said yesterday. "The rate  
of interest will not go below 5 per  
cent. and it is possible it may reach  
an average of 6 per cent."

"This is a favorable condition for  
the financial world."

"Too sudden a decline in the rate of  
interest would mean a panic. But I  
do not look for this decline, and, what  
is more, I look to see the commodity  
of money become the great balancing  
factor in the financial and business  
worlds this year. The price of every-  
thing but money is falling fast."

"Every one is looking for a period  
of prosperity, but I do not believe we  
will ever see such another period of  
prosperity as we have in the last eigh-  
teen months."

"The drop in prices that we are wit-  
nessing this very day is gratifying, but  
I believe there should be a further  
drop. There will be no readjustment,  
however, in the prices of labor, food,  
and clothing until we see prices of  
other commodities adjusted."

He said he believed eventually  
prices would be 50 per cent higher  
than they were before 1914.—Chicago  
Daily paper.

GIVE US THAT NEXT JOB.  
OUR WORK IS UP-TO-DATE

### Report Of Sales

## Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co., Campbellsville, Ky.

Monday, January 24, 1921.

Considering the quality of Tobacco and conditions existing throughout  
the country, we claim to have a market second to none in this section of the  
State. Below is the correct report of a few crops sold by us Monday, January  
24, 1921.

J. L. JOHNSON, Mac, Ky.

Dark Tobacco.

25 Pounds	\$ 7 00
45 "	13 25
90 "	12 00
165 "	16 25
150 "	12 25
165 "	16 00
180 "	16 50
180 "	20 00
170 "	15 25
220 "	4 10
325 "	4 00

ED EUBANK, Cane Valley, Ky.

Burley Tobacco.

80 Pounds	\$ 9 25
45 "	11 75
165 "	10 00
210 "	20 00
25 "	15 00

A. L. PERKINS, Greensburg, Ky.

Burley Tobacco.

80 Pounds	\$25 50
85 "	15 00
145 "	34 00
115 "	26 50
105 "	15 00

TOM JOHNSON, Mac, Ky.

Dark Tobacco.

15 Pounds	\$ 5 20
40 "	19 00
80 "	15 50
130 "	14 00

A. BRIGHT, Campbellsville, Ky.

Burley Tobacco.

5 Pounds	\$15 00
85 "	15 00
105 "	20 00
205 "	15 50
140 "	17 00
100 "	8 00
55 "	15 00
95 "	8 00
50 "	7 00
110 "	7 00

J. W. JUDD, Cane Valley, Ky.

Burley Tobacco.

90 Pounds	\$10 00
130 "	25 00
75 "	4 00
105 "	12 50
200 "	25 00

Where tobacco has character, we are getting good prices for both, Dark  
and Burley. We advise you to withhold your low grades from the market  
just at this date, but market your Good Tobacco.

## Farmers Tobacco Warehouse Co.

INCORPORATED

Campbellsville. Kentucky.

We have a good assortment of mens  
and Boys suits and overcoats (custom  
made suits) that we are selling at to-  
day's manufacturers prices.  
Russell & Co.

#### Mills and Light Plant for Sale.

The Mill in Columbia and the one on  
Russell's creek, run by G. B. Smith,  
and the Columbia Light Plant are for  
sale. The owners are ready to give  
some man or men a bargain. They will  
sell a one-third or one half interest in  
the two mills or they will sell both  
plants to one man. They are in good  
running condition, both doing a splen-  
did business.

The Light plant will be sold to one  
man or a company. The owners are  
ready to talk business. For further  
particulars see

G. B. Smith, at the  
Columbia Mill.  
8-11

#### Glensfork.

The health of this community  
is not so very good at present.

Mr. Tandy Thomas has been  
very sick, but is better at this  
writing.

Miss Bell Lewis is very sick at  
this writing with pneumonia fe-  
ver.

Mr. Doc Grant, of this place,

# WHY?

Order Talking Machine Records from out of town  
dealers, When you can Buy the Same Records  
from US for Less Money and Save Postage.

Records Sent on approval to out of town Patrons.

Yes! we have Records for Any Make Machine.

Call and hear our February Numbers.

Russell & Taylor.

died recently, being sick only a  
few days. He was a good citi-  
zen and will be greatly missed.

Several from this place attend-  
ed the funeral of Mr. W. L.  
Strange last Saturday on Crocus.  
He was a brother of Mr. F. P.  
Strange, this place, and was a  
good man.

Mr. Finis Thomas, of Balti-  
more, Md., is at home for a few  
days' furlough. We are always  
glad to have Finis with us, if on-  
ly for a short time and will be  
glad when his time expires and  
he returns home once again to  
stay.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 12-A

**Dr. J. N. Murrell**

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UP STAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

Adair County News \$1.50

### PERSONAL

Mr. T. E. Jeffries is now able to be  
up.

Mr. H. C. Vauzant, Edmonton, here  
a few days ago.

Mr. Jack Sparks of Edmonton, was  
here a few days ago.

Mr. J. M. Russell is reported as  
feeling some better.

Mrs. John D. Lowe has been quite  
sick for several days.

Mrs. W. A. Coffey was quite sick  
several days of last week.

Mr. Wm. Hamshire, Maysville, was  
in this place last Thursday.

Mrs. J. C. Strange accompanied Miss  
Fearless & Co., to Greensburg.

Little Margaret Hamlett has been  
quite sick for the past few days.

Mr. Sam Murrell and wife returned  
to Champaign, Ill., last week.

Mr. D. T. Curd, dry goods salesman,  
was in the county all of last week.

Mr. W. G. Cleland, Lebanon, called  
to see our palmt men last Wednesday.

Mrs. Helena Williams' condition re-  
mains about the same as last reported.

Mrs. Alfred Murrell has about recov-  
ered from a severe attack of gall stone.

Mr. Geo. O. Barnes, Crocus, made a  
business trip to Columbia last Satur-  
day.

Mr. J. R. Garnett, of this bar, was  
in Jamestown last week, taking depo-  
sitions.

Mr. I. W. Hodgen, Louisville, paid  
Columbia a business visit a few days  
since.

Mr. O. E. West, Lebanon, made a  
business trip to this place last Wed-  
nesday.

Measrs Leslie Graves and R. C. Bor-  
ders called upon their trade here a few  
days ago.

Mr. E. T. Rodgers, who represents  
a St. Louis candy house, was here a  
few days ago.

Miss Jennie Garrett is visiting at  
the home of her brother, Gen. Jas.  
Garrett, Louisville.

Mr. A. D. Patteson thinks he will  
be able to be at his place of business  
in a very few days.

Mr. J. H. Pickett, of Campbellsville,  
was over, mixing with his Columbia  
friends a few days since.

Mr. T. W. Taylor, Campbellsville,  
was over last week, collecting on his  
sick and accident policies.

Judge G. T. Herriford and wife  
have been confined to their room for  
several days. Deep colds.

Dr. R. Y. Hindman's wife and little  
daughter, Fannie, have been quite  
sick for the past week.

Mr. N. M. Tutt, who met with a  
slight stroke of paralysis, was report-  
ed, Friday, as improving.

Mr. Coy E. Dudgeon, Lebanon, who  
represents a St. Louis house, was here  
last Thursday, taking orders.

Mr. B. W. Stoddard and Mr. J. A.  
Cavanaugh, Louisville, made business  
trips to Columbia last Thursday.

Mrs. M. D. Baker, mother of Miss  
Sue Baker, who is a bookkeeper in  
the Bank of Columbia, is not expect-  
ed to live but a few hours.

Mr. J. W. Richards, who has been  
employed in West Virginia for several  
months, returned home last week.  
Mr. Richards is a carpenter, and he  
reported that wages had been consid-  
erably cut where he was employed.

Mr. N. Tutt of this place, met with  
a slight stroke of paralysis, at his  
home, last Wednesday morning, and as  
a result he was quite sick during the  
day. The stroke affected his right  
arm. It is hoped that he will be fully  
recovered in a few days.

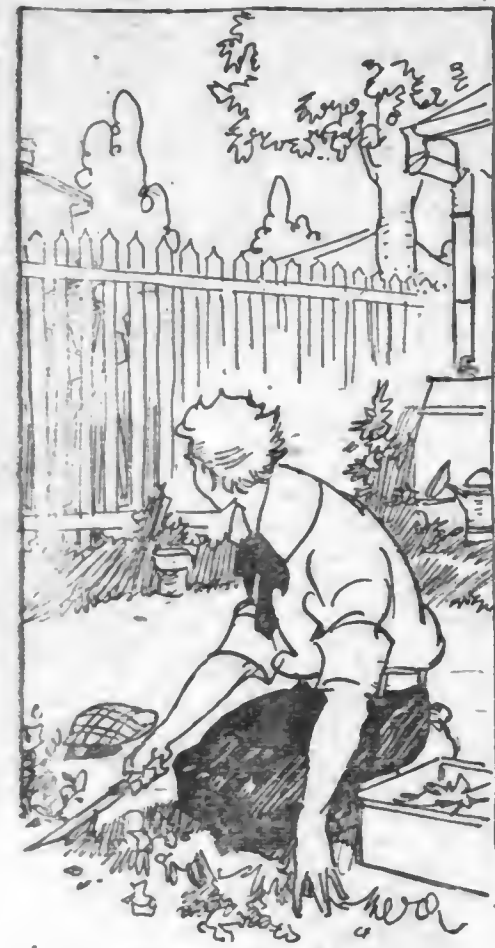


Continued from Page 2.

ation all too infrequent with the sons of men rated as millionaires. Bryce's boyhood was much the same as that of other lads in Sequoia, save that in the matter of toys and later guns, fishing-rods, dogs and ponies he was a source of envy to his fellows. After his tenth year his father placed him on the mill pay-roll, and on pay-day he was wont to line up with the mill-crow to receive his modest stipend of ten dollars for carrying in kindling to the cook in the mill kitchen each day after school.

This otherwise needless arrangement was old Cardigan's way of teaching his boy financial responsibility.

When Bryce Cardigan was about fourteen years old there occurred an important event in his life. In a commendable effort to increase his income he had laid out a small vegetable garden in the rear of his father's house, and here on a Saturday morning while down on his knees weeding carrots, he chanced to look up and discovered a young lady gazing at him through the picket fence. She was a few years his junior, and a stranger



"Hello, Little Boy."

In Sequoia. Ensued the following conversation: "Hello, little boy."

"Hello yourself! I ain't a little boy."

She ignored the correction. "What are you doing?"

"Weedin' carrots. Can't you see?"

"What for?"

Bryce, highly incensed at having been designated a little boy by this superior damsel, saw his opportunity to silence her. "Cat's fur for kitten brooches," he retorted—without any evidence of originality, we must confess, and for the space of several minutes gave all his attention to his crop.

And presently the visitor spoke again. "I like your hair, little boy. It's a pretty red."

That settled the issue between them. To be hailed as little boy was bad enough, but to be reminded of his crawling misfortune was adding insult to injury. He rose and cautiously approached the fence with the intention of punching the impudent stranger, suddenly and surreptitiously, and sending her away weeping. As his hand crept between the pickets on its wicked mission, the little miss looked at him in friendly fashion and queried: "What's your name?"

Bryce's hand hesitated. "Bryce Cardigan," he answered gruffly.

"I'm Shirley Sumner," she ventured.

"Let's be friends."

"When did you come to live in Sequoia?" he demanded.

"I don't live here. I'm just visiting here with my aunt and uncle. We're staying at the hotel, and there's nobody to play with. My uncle's name is Pennington. So's my aunt's. He's out here buying timber, and we live in Michigan."

Her gaze wandered past Bryce to where his Indian pony stood with her head out of the window of her box-stall contemplating her master.

"Oh, what a dear little horse!" Shirley Sumner exclaimed. "Whose is he?"

"That's a he. It's a she. And she belongs to me."

"Do you ride her?"

"Not very often now. I'm getting too heavy for her, so Dad's bought me a horse that weighs nine hundred pounds. Midget only weighs five hundred." He considered her a moment while she gazed in awe upon this man with two horses. "Can you ride a pony?" he asked, for no reason that he was aware of.

She sighed, shaking her head resignedly. "We haven't any room to keep a pony at our house in Detroit," she explained, and added hopefully: "But I'd love to ride Midget. I suppose I could learn to ride if somebody taught me how."

He looked at her again. At that period of his life he was inclined to regard girls as a necessary evil. For some immutable reason they existed, and perforce must be borne with, and it was his hope that he would get through life and see as little as possible of the exasperating sex. Nevertheless, as Bryce surveyed this winsome miss through the pickets, he was sensible of a sneaking desire to find favor in her eyes—also equally sensible of the fact that the path to that desirable end lay between himself and Midget.

"Well, I suppose if you want a ride

I'll have to give it to you," he grumbled, "although I'm pretty busy this morning."

"Oh, I think you're so nice," she declared.

A thrill shot through him that was akin to pain; with difficulty did he restrain an impulse to dash wildly into the stable and saddle Midget in furious haste. Instead he walked to the barn slowly and with extreme dignity. When he reappeared, he was leading Midget, a little silverpoint runt of a Klamath Indian pony, and Moses, a sturdy pinto cayuse from the cattle ranges over in Trinity county.

"I'll have to ride with you," he announced. "Can't let a tenderfoot like you go out alone on Midget."

All affluster with delightful anticipation, the young lady climbed up on the gate and scrambled into the saddle when Bryce swung the pony broadside to the gate. Two hours of his valuable time did he give that morning before the call of duty brought him back to the house and his neglected crop of carrots. When he suggested tactfully, however, that it was now necessary that his guest and Midget separate, a difficulty arose. Shirley Sumner refused point blank to leave the premises. She liked Bryce for his hair and because he had been so kind to her; she was a stranger in Sequoia, and now that she had found an agreeable companion, it was far from her intention to desert him.

So Miss Sumner stayed and helped Bryce weed his carrots, and since as a voluntary laborer she was at least worth her board, at noon Bryce brought her in to Mrs. Tully with a request for luncheon. When he went to the mill to carry in the kindling for the cook, the young lady returned rather sorrowfully to the Hotel Sequoia, with a fervent promise to see him the next day. She did, and Bryce took her for a long ride up into the Valley of the Giants and showed her his mother's grave. They put some flowers on the grave, and when they returned to town and Bryce was unsaddling the ponies, Shirley drew Midget's nose down to her and kissed it. Then she commenced to weep rather violently.

"What are you crying about?" Bryce demanded. Girls were so hard to understand.

"I'm go-going h-h-home tomorrow," she howled.

He was stricken with dismay and bade her desist from her vain repinings. But her heart was broken, and somehow Bryce appeared to act automatically—he had his arm around her. "Don't cry, Shirley," he pleaded. "It breaks my heart to see you cry. Do you want Midget? I'll give her to you."

Between sobs Shirley confessed that the prospect of parting with him and not Midget was provocative of her woe. This staggered Bryce and pleased him immensely. And at parting she kissed him good-bye, reiterating her opinion that he was the nicest, kindest boy she had ever met or hoped to meet.

When Shirley and her uncle and aunt boarded the steamer for San Francisco, Bryce stood disconsolate on the dock and waved to Shirley until he could no longer discern her on the deck. He thought of his elfin companion very frequently for a week, and he lost his appetite, very much to Mrs. Tully's concern. Then the steelhead trout began to run in Eel river, and the sweetest event that can occur in any boy's existence—the sudden awakening to the wonder and beauty of life so poignantly realized in his first love-affair—was lost sight of by Bryce. In a month he had forgotten the incident; in six months he had forgotten Shirley Sumner.

## CHAPTER III.

Throughout the happy years of Bryce's boyhood his father continued to enlarge and improve his sawmill, to build more schooners, and to acquire more redwood timber. Lands, the purchase of which by Cardigan a decade before had caused his neighbors to impugn his judgment, now developed strategic importance. As a result those lands necessary to consolidate his own holdings came to him at his own price, while his adverse holdings that blocked the logging operations of his competitors went from him—also at his own price. In fact, all well-laid plans matured satisfactorily with the exception of one, and since it has a very definite bearing on the story, the necessity for explaining it is paramount.

Contiguous to Cardigan's logging operations to the east and north of Sequoia, and comparatively close in, lay a block of two thousand acres of splendid timber, the natural, feasible, and inexpensive outlet for which, when it should be logged, was the Valley of the Giants. For thirty years John Cardigan had played a waiting game with the owner of that timber, for the latter was as fully obsessed with the belief that he was going to sell it to John Cardigan at a dollar and a half per thousand feet stumpage as Cardigan was certain he was going to buy it for a dollar a thousand—when he should be ready to do so and not one second sooner.

Eventually the time for acquiring more timber arrived. John Cardigan, meeting his neighbor on the street, accosted him thus:

"Look here, Bill, isn't it time we got together on that timber of yours? You know you've been holding it to block me and force me to buy at your figure. I'll give you a dollar a thousand and stumpage for your timber, Bill."

"I want a dollar and a half."

"A dollar is my absolute limit."

"Then I'll keep my timber."

"And I'll keep my money. When

I finish logging in my present holdings, I'm going to pull out of that country and log twenty miles south of Sequoia. Remember, Bill, the man who buys your timber will have to log it through my land—and I'm not going to log that quarter-section in the valley. Hence there will be no outlet for your timber in back."

"Not going to log it? Why, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm just going to let it stay there until I die. When my will is settled for probate, your curiosity will be satisfied—but not until then. Better take a dollar, Bill. It's a good, fair price, as the market on redwood timber is now, and you'll be making an even hundred per cent. on your investment. Remember, Bill, if I don't buy your timber, you'll never log it yourself and neither will anybody else. You'll be stuck with it for the next forty years—and taxes aren't getting any lower."

"I'll hang on a little longer, I think."

"I think so, too," John Cardigan replied. And that night, as was his wont, even though he realized that it was not possible for Bryce to gain a profound understanding of the business problems to which he was heir, John Cardigan discussed the Squaw creek timber with his son, relating to him the details of his conversation with the owner.

Bryce pondered. "But isn't it cheaper to give him his price on Squaw creek timber than go logging in the San Hedrin and have to build twenty miles of logging railroad to get your logs to the mill?"

"It would be, son, if I had to build the railroad. Fortunately, I do not. I'll just shoot the logs down the hillside to the San Hedrin river and drive them down the stream to a log-boom on tidewater."

Bryce looked at his father admiringly. "I guess Dan Keyes is right, Dad," he said. "Dan says you're crazy—like a fox. Now I know why you've been picking up claims in the San Hedrin watershed."

"No, you don't, Bryce. I've never told you, but I'll tell you now the real reason. Humboldt county has no rail connection with the outside world, so we are forced to ship our lumber by water. But some day a railroad will be built in from the south—from San Francisco; and when it comes, the only route for it to travel is through our timber in the San Hedrin valley. I've accumulated that ten thousand acres for you, my son, for the railroad will never be built in my day. It doesn't matter, son. You will still be logging there fifty years from now. And when the railroad people come to you for a right of way, my boy, give it to them. Don't charge them a cent. It has always been my policy to encourage the development of this country, and I want you to be a forward-looking, public-spirited citizen. That's why I'm sending you East to college. You've been born and raised in this town, and you must see more of the world. Listen to me, son. You're only a boy, and you can't understand everything I tell you, but some day understanding will come to you. You mustn't fail the people who work for you—who are dependent upon your strength and brains and enterprise to furnish them with an opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When you are the boss of Cardigan's mill, you must keep the wheels turning; you must never shut down the mill or the logging-camps in dull times just to avoid a loss you can stand better than your employees."

His hard, trembling old hand closed over the boy's. "I want you to be a brave and honorable man," he concluded.

True to his word, when John Cardigan finished his logging in his old, original holdings adjacent to Sequoia and Bill Henderson's Squaw creek timber, he quietly moved south with his Squaw creek woods-gang and joined the crew already getting out logs in the San Hedrin watershed. Not until then did Bill Henderson realize that John Cardigan had called his bluff—whereat he cursed himself for a fool and a poor judge of human nature. He had tried a hold-up game and had failed; a dollar a thousand feet stumpage was a fair price; for years he had needed the money; and now, when it was too late, he realized his error. Luck was with Henderson, however; for shortly thereafter there came again to Sequoia one Colonel Pennington, a millionaire white-pine operator from Michigan. "From a chair-warmer on the porch of the Hotel Sequoia, the Colonel had heard the tale of how stiff-necked old John Cardigan had called the bluff of equally stiff-necked Bill Henderson; so for the next few weeks the Colonel, under pretense of going hunting or fishing on Squaw creek, managed to make a fairly accurate cursory cruise of the Henderson timber—following which he purchased it from the delighted Bill for a dollar and a quarter per thousand feet stumpage."

No man is infallible, and in planning his logging operations in the San Hedrin watershed John Cardigan presently made the discovery that he had erred in judgment. That season, from May to November, his woods-crew put thirty million feet of logs into the San Hedrin river, while the mill saved on a reserve supply of logs taken from the last of the old chopplings adjacent to Squaw creek. That year, however, the rainfall in the San Hedrin country was fifty per cent. less than normal, and by the first of May of the following year Cardigan's woods-crew had succeeded in driving slightly less than half of the cut of the preceding year to the boom on



"I Dinna See How I'm to Keep the Mill Runnin'!"

tidewater at the mouth of the river. "Unless the Lord'll gi' us a lot more water in the river," the woods-boss McTavish complained, "I dinna see how I'm to keep the mill runnin'."

He was taking John Cardigan up the river bank and explaining the situation. "The heavy butt-logs have sunk to the bottom," he continued. "Wie a normal head o' water, the lads'll move them, but w' the drappie we have the nee—" He threw up his hamlike hands despairingly.

Three days later a cloud-burst filled the river to the brim; it came at night and swept the river clean of Cardigan's clear logs. An army of Jugernauts, they swept down on the boiling torrent to tidewater, reaching the bay shortly after the tide had commenced to ebb.

Now, a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and a log-boom is a chain of small logs, linked end to end by means of short chains; hence when the Vanguard of logs on the lip of that flood reached the log-boom, the impetus of the charge was too great to be resisted. Straight through the weakest link in this boom the huge saw-logs crashed and out over Humboldt bar to the broad Pacific. With the ebb tide some of them came back, while others, caught in cross-currents, bobbed about the bay all night and finally beached at widely scattered points. Out of the fifteen million feet of logs less than three million were salvaged, and this task in itself was an expensive operation.

John Cardigan received the news calmly. He turned from the manager and walked away through his logged-over lands, across the little divide and down into the quarter-section of green timber he had told McTavish not to cut. Once in the Valley of the Giants, he followed a well-worn foot-path to the little amphitheater, and where the sunlight filtered through like a halo and fell on a plain little white marble monument, he paused and sat down on the now almost decayed sugar-pine windfall.

"I've come for a little comfort, sweetheart," he murmured to her who slept beneath the stone. Then he leaned back against a redwood tree, removed his hat, and closed his eyes, holding his great gray head the while



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## BLACK-DRAUGHT

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## CHAPTER IV.

It was on the day that John Cardigan received the telegram from Bryce saying that, following four years at Princeton and two years of travel abroad, he was returning to Sequoia to take over his redwood heritage—that he discovered that a stranger and not the flesh of his flesh and the blood of his blood was to reap the reward of his fifty years of endeavor.

For a long time he sat there lethargic with misery. Eventually he roused himself, reached for the desk telephone, and pressed a button on the office exchange-station. His manager, one Thomas Sinclair, answered.

"Thomas," he said calmly, "you know, of course, that Bryce is coming home. Tell George to take the big car and go over to Red Bluff for him."

George Sea Otter, son of Bryce Cardigan's old half-breed nurse, was a person in whose nature struggled the white's predilection for advertisement and civic pride and the red man's instinct for adornment. For three years he had been old man Cardigan's chauffeur and man-of-all-work about the latter's old-fashioned home, and in the former capacity he drove John Cardigan's single evidence of extravagance—a Napier car, which was very justly regarded by George Sea Otter as the king of automobiles, since it was the only imported car in the county. Upon receipt of orders, therefore, from Sinclair, to drive the Napier over to Red Bluff and meet his future boss and one-time play-fellow, George Sea Otter arrayed himself in a pair of new black corduroy

trousers, yellow button shoes, a blue woolen shirt with a large scarlet silk handkerchief tied around the neck, a pair of beaded buckskin gloves with fringe dependent from the gauntlet, and a broad white beaver hat with a rattlesnake-skin band. Across the windshield of the Napier he fastened an orange-colored pennant bearing in bright green letters the legend: MY CITY—SEQUOIA. As a safety-first precaution against man and beast en route, he buckled a gun-scarabard to the spare tires on the running-board and slipped a rifle into the scabbard within quick and easy reach of his hand; and arrayed thus, George descended upon Red Bluff at the helm of the king of automobiles.

When the overland train coasted into Red Bluff and slid to a grinding halt, Bryce Cardigan saw that the Highest Living Authority had descended from the train also. He had elected to designate her thus in the absence of any information as to her Christian and family names, and for the further reason that quite obviously she was a very superior person.

Bryce could see that she was the little daughter of some large rich man. The sparsity of jewelry and the rich simplicity of her attire proved that, and moreover she was accompanied by a French maid to whom she spoke in French in a manner which testified that before acquiring the French maid she had been in the custody of a French nurse. She possessed poise. For the rest, she had wonderful jet-black hair, violet eyes, and milk-white skin, a correct nose but a somewhat generous mouth. Bryce guessed she was twenty or twenty-one years old and that she had a temper susceptible of being aroused.

The fact that this remarkable young woman had also left the train at Red Bluff further interested him, for he knew Red Bluff and while giving credit to the many lovely damsels of that little ambitious city, Bryce had a suspicion that no former Red

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



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Continued from Page 6

Bluff girl would dare to invade the old home town with a French maid. He noted, as further evidence of the correctness of his assumption, that the youthful baggage-smasher at the station failed to recognize her and was evidently dazzled when, followed by the maid, struggling with two suit-cases, she approached him and in pure though alien English inquired the location of the best hotel and the hour and point of departure of the automobile stage for San Hedrin. The youth had answered her first question and was about to answer the second when George Sea Otter, in all his barbaric splendor, came pussy-footing around the corner of the station in old man Cardigan's regal touring-car.

The Highest Living Authority, following the gaze of the baggage-smasher, turned and beheld George Sea Otter. Beyond a doubt he was of the West-westward. She noted the rifle-stock projecting from the scabbard, and a vision of a stage hold-up flashed across her mind. Ah, yes, of course—the express messenger's weapon, no doubt! And further, to clinch her instant assumption that here was the Sequoia motor-stage, there was the pennant adorning the wind-shield!

Dismissing the baggage-smasher with a gracious smile, the Highest Living Authority approached George Sea Otter, noting, the while, further evidence that this car was a public conveyance, for the young man who had been her fellow-passenger was heading toward the automobile also. She heard him say:

"Hello, George, you radiant red rascal! I'm mighty glad to see you, boy. Shake!"

They shook, George Sea Otter's dark eyes and white teeth flashing pleasantly. Bryce tossed his bag into the tonneau; the half-breed opened the front door; and the young master had his foot on the running-board and was about to enter the car when a soft voice spoke at his elbow:

"Driver, this is the stage for Sequoia, is it not?"

George Sea Otter could scarcely credit his auditory nerves. "This



"This is the Stage for Sequoia, is it not?"

car?" he demanded bluntly, "this—the Sequoia stage? Take a look, lady. This here's a Napier imported automobile. It's a private car and belongs to my boss here."

Bryce turned and lifted his hat. "Quite naturally, you thought it was the Sequoia stage." He turned a smoldering glance upon George Sea Otter. "George," he declared ominously, but with a sly wink that drew the sting from his words, "if you're anxious to hold down your job, the next time a lady speaks to you and asks you a simple question, you answer yes or no and refrain from sarcastic remarks. Don't let your enthusiasm for this car run away with you." He faced the girl again. "Was it your intention to go to Sequoia on the next trip of the stage?"

She nodded. "That means you will have to wait here three days until the stage returns from Sequoia," Bryce replied. A shade of annoyance passed over the classic features of the Highest Living Authority. "Oh, dear," she complained, how fearfully awkward! Now I shall have to take the next train to San Francisco and book passage on the steamer to Sequoia—and Marcelle is such a poor sailor. Oh, dear!"

Bryce had an inspiration and hastened to reveal it.

"We are about to start for Sequoia now, although the lateness of our start will compel us to put up tonight at the rest-house on the south fork of Trinity river and continue the journey in the morning. However, this rest-house is eminently respectable and the food and accommodations are extraordinarily good for mountains; so, if an invitation to occupy the tonneau of my car will not be construed as an impertinence, coming as it does from a total stranger, you are at liberty to regard this car as to all intents and purposes the public conveyance which so scandalously declined to wait for you this morning."

She looked at him searchingly for a brief instant; then with a peculiarly winning smile and a graceful inclination of her head she thanked him and accepted his hospitality—thus:

"Why, certainly not! You are very kind, and I shall be eternally grateful."

"Thank you for that vote of confidence. It makes me feel that I have your permission to introduce myself. My name is Bryce Cardigan, and I live in Sequoia when I'm at home."

"Of Cardigan's redwoods?" she questioned. He nodded. "I've heard of you, I think," she continued. "I am Shirley Summer."

"You do not live in Sequoia."

"No, but I'm going to hereafter. I was there about ten years ago."

He grinned and thrust out a great hand which she surveyed gravely for a minute before inserting hers in it. "I wonder," he said, "if it is to be my duty to give you a ride every time you come to Sequoia? The last time you were there you wheedled me into giving you a ride on my pony, an animal known as Midget. Do you, by any chance, recall that incident?"

She looked at him wonderingly. "Why—why, you're the boy with the beautiful auburn hair," she declared. He lifted his hat and revealed his thick thatch in all its glory. "I'm not so sensitive about it now," he explained. "When we first met, reference to my hair was apt to rile me." He shook her little hand with cordial good-nature. "George, suppose you pile Miss Summer's hand-baggage in the tonneau and then pile in there yourself and keep Marcelle company. I'll drive; and you can sit up in front with me, Miss Summer, snug behind the wind-shield where you'll not be blown about."

He went through his gears, and the car glided away on its journey. "By the way," he said suddenly as he turned west toward the distant blue mountains of Trinity county, "how did you happen to connect me with Cardigan's redwoods?"

"I've heard my uncle, Colonel Seth Pennington, speak of them."

"Colonel Seth Pennington means nothing in my young life. I never heard of him before; so I dare say he's a newcomer in our county. I've been away six years," he added in explanation.

"We're from Michigan. Uncle was formerly in the lumber business there, but he's logged out now."

"I see. So he came west, I suppose, and bought a lot of redwood lumber cheap from some old croaker who never could see any future to the redwood lumber industry. Personally, I don't think he could have made a better investment. I hope I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance when I deliver you to him. Perhaps you may be a neighbor of mine. Hope so."

At this juncture George Sea Otter, who had been an interested listener to the conversation, essayed a grunt from the rear seat. Instantly, to Shirley Summer's vast surprise, her host grunted also; whereupon George Sea Otter broke into a series of grunts and guttural exclamations which evidently appeared quite intelligible to her host, for he slowed down to five miles an hour and cocked one ear to the rear; apparently he was profoundly interested in whatever information his henchman had to impart. When George Sea Otter finished his harangue, Bryce nodded and once more gave his attention to tossing the miles behind him.

"What language was that?" Shirley Summer inquired, consumed with curiosity.

"Digger Indian," he replied. "George's mother was my nurse, and he and I grew up together. So I can't very well help speaking the language of the tribe."

They chattered volubly on many subjects for the first twenty miles; then the road narrowed and commenced to climb steadily, and thereafter Bryce gave all of his attention to the car, for a deviation of a foot from the wheel-rut on the outside of the road would have sent them hurtling over the grade into the deep-timbered canyons below. By reason of the fact that Bryce's gaze never wavered from the road immediately in front of the car, she had a chance to appraise him critically while pretending to look past him to the tumbled, snow-covered ranges to their right.

She saw a big, supple, powerful man of twenty-five or six, with the bearing and general demeanor of one many years his elder. His nose was high, of medium thickness and just a trifle long—the nose of a thinker. His ears were large, with full lobes—the ears of a generous man. The mouth, full-lipped but firm, the heavy jaw and square chin, the great hands (most amazingly free from freckles) denoted the man who would not avoid a fight worth while.

Upon their arrival at the rest-house, Bryce during dinner was very attentive and mildly amusing, although Shirley's keen wits assured her that this was merely a clever pose and sustained with difficulty. She was confirmed in this assumption when, after dinner, she complained of being weary and bade him good-night. She had scarcely left him when he called:

"George!"

The half-breed slid out of the darkness and sat down beside him. A moment later, through the open window of her room just above the porch where Bryce and George Sea Otter sat, Shirley heard the former say:

"George, when did you first notice that my father's sight was beginning to fail?"

"About two years ago, Bryce. He began to walk with his hands held out in front of him, and sometimes he lifted his feet too high."

"Can he see at all now, George?"

"Oh, yes, a little bit—enough to make his way to the office and back." "Poor old governor! George, until you told me this afternoon, I hadn't heard a word about it. If I had, I never would have taken that two-year jaunt around the world. And you say this man Colonel Pennington and my father have been having trouble."

"Yes—Here George Sea Otter gracefully unburdened himself of a fervent curse directed at Shirley's avuncular relative; whereupon that young lady promptly left the window and heard no more."

They were on the road again by eight o'clock next morning, and just as Cardigan's mill was blowing the six o'clock whistle, Bryce stopped the car at the head of the street leading down to the water-front. "I'll let you drive now, George," he informed the silent Sea Otter. He turned to Shirley Summer. "I'm going to leave you now," he said. "Thank you for riding over from Red Bluff with me. My father never leaves the office until the whistle blows, and so I'm going to hurry down to that little building you see at the end of the street and surprise him."

He stepped out on the running-board, stood there a moment, and extended his hand. Shirley had commenced a due and formal expression of her gratitude for having been delivered safely in Sequoia, when George Sea Otter spoke:

"Here comes John Cardigan," he said.

"Drive Miss Summer around to Colonel Pennington's house," Bryce ordered, and even while he held Shirley's hand, he turned to catch the first glimpse of his father. Shirley followed his glance and saw a tall, powerfully built old man coming down the street with his hands thrust a little in front of him, as if for protection from some invisible assailant.

"Oh, my poor old father!" she heard Bryce Cardigan murmur. "My dear old pal! And I've let him grope in the dark for two years!"

He released her hand and leaped



"Dad!" He Called.

from the car. "Dad!" he called. "It is I—Bryce. I've come home to you at last."

The slightly bent figure of John Cardigan straightened with a jerk; he held out his arms, trembling with eagerness, and as the car continued on to the Pennington house Shirley looked back and saw Bryce folded in his father's embrace. She did not, however, hear the heart-cry with which the beaten old man welcomed his boy.

"Sonny, sonny—oh, I'm so glad you're back. I've missed you, Bryce. I've missed you—I've lost your heritage. Oh, son! I'm old—I can't fight any more. I'm blind—I can't see my enemies. I've lost your redwood trees—even your mother's Valley of the Giants."

And he commenced to weep for the third time in fifty years. And when the aged and helpless weep, nothing is more terrible. Bryce Cardigan said no word, but held his father close to his great heart and laid his cheek gently against the old man's tenderly as a woman might. And presently, from that silent communion of spirit, each drew strength and comfort. As the shadows fell in John Cardigan's town, they went home to the house on the hill.

Shirley Summer's eyes were moist when George Sea Otter, in obedience to the instructions of his youthful master, set her, the French maid, and their hand-baggage down on the sidewalk in front of Colonel Seth Pennington's house. The half-breed hesitated a moment, undecided whether he would carry the hand-baggage up to the door or leave that task for a Pennington retainer; then he noted the tearstains on the cheeks of his fair passenger. Instantly he took up the hand-baggage, kicked open the iron gate, and preceded Shirley up the cement walk to the door.

"Just wait a moment, if you please, George," Shirley said as he set the baggage down and started back for the car. He turned and beheld her extracting a five-dollar bill from her purse. "For you, George," she continued. "Thank you so much."

In all his life George Sea Otter had never had such an experience—he, happily, having been raised in a country where, with the exception of

walters, only a pronounced vagrant expects or accepts a gratuity from a woman. He took the bill and fingered it curiously; then his white blood asserted itself and he handed the bill back to Shirley.

"Thank you," he said respectfully. "If you were a man—all right. But from a lady—no. I am like my boss. I work for you for nothing."

Shirley did not understand his refusal, but her instinctive tact warned her not to insist. She returned the bill to her purse, thanked him again, and turned quickly to hide the slight flush of annoyance. George Sea Otter noted it.

"Lafg," he said with great dignity, "at first I did not want to carry your baggage. I did not want to walk on this land." And with a sweeping gesture he indicated the Pennington grounds. "Then you cry a little because my boss is feeling bad about his old man. So I like you better. The old man—well, he has been like father to me and my mother—and we are Indians. My brothers, too—they work for him. So if you like my boss and his old man, George Sea Otter would go to hell for you pretty damn quick. You bet your life!"

"You're a very good boy, George," she replied, with difficulty repressing a smile at his blunt but earnest avowal. "I am glad the Cardigans have such an honest, loyal servant."

George Sea Otter's dark face lighted with a quick smile. "Now you pay me," he replied and returned to the car.

The door opened, and a Swedish maid stood in the entrance regarding her stolidly. "I'm Miss Summer," Shirley told her. "This is my maid Marcelle. Help her in with the hand-baggage." She stepped into the hall and called: "Ooh-hoo! Nunky-dunk!"

"Ship ahoy!" An answering call came to her from the dining room, across the entrance-hall and an instant later Colonel Seth Pennington stood in the doorway. "Bless my whiskers! Is that you, my dear?" he cried, and advanced to greet her. "Why, how did you get here, Shirley? I thought you'd missed the stage."

She presented her cheek for his kiss. "So I did, Uncle, but a nice red-haired young man named Bryce Cardigan found me in distress at Red Bluff, picked me up in his car, and brought me here." She sniffed adorably. "I'm so hungry," she declared, "and here I am, just in time for dinner. Is my name in the pot?"

"It isn't, Shirley, but it soon will be. How perfectly bully to have you with me again, my dear! And what a charming young lady you've grown to be since I saw you last! You're—why, you've been crying! By Jove, I had no idea you'd be so glad to see me again."

She could not forego a sly little smile at his egotism. "You're looking perfectly splendid Uncle Seth," she parried.

"And I'm feeling perfectly splendid. By the way, who did you say picked you up in his car?"

"Bryce Cardigan. Do you know him?"

"No, we haven't met. Son of old John Cardigan, I dare say. I've heard of him. He's been away from Sequoia for quite a while, I believe. About time he came home to take care of that stiff-necked old father of his." He stepped to the bell and pressed it, and the butler answered. "Set a place at dinner for Miss Shirley, James," he ordered. "Thelma will show you to your rooms, Shirley. I was just about to sit down to dinner. I'll wait for you."

While Shirley was in the dining room Colonel Pennington's features wore an expression almost poutful, but when she had gone, the atmosphere of paternalism and affection which he radiated faded instantly. The Colonel's face was in repose now—cold, calculating, vaguely repellent. He scowled slightly.

"Now, isn't that the devil's luck?" he soliloquized. "Young Cardigan is probably the only man in Sequoia—dashed awkward if they should become interested in each other—at this time. They say he's good-looking; certainly he is educated and has acquired some worldly polish—just the kind of young fellow Shirley will find interesting and welcome company in a town like this. Many things can happen in a year—and it will be a year before I can smash the Cardigans. Damn it!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

When Mrs. Katherine Sparks Carman was buried at Lexington her seven grown sons, acting as pall bearers, bore her body to the grave.

In view of the long-standing animosity between the sheep and cattle interests on the western ranges, isn't it the most natural thing in the world that woolen hose should scratch eastern calves.

A fashion note says that the extremely décolleté evening gown has disappeared. Maybe it slipped under a hook-and-eye or something.



**Breeding.**

Business is progressing nicely at this place.

Mrs. Ora Strange made a business trip to Edmonton Monday.

The farmers of this section have been busy plowing.

Mr. Earl Williams, a well known salesman was visiting our merchants one day last week.

Mrs. Elbert Pulliam and little daughter, of Edmonton, was visiting her parents at this place a few days of last week.

Mr. Sam and Alfred Baker passed through this place Monday en route Reno.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennis Reece and wife were visiting his parents at this place, Sunday.

Mr. T. P. Breeding was visiting Mr. J. H. Branham of this place, Sunday.

Miss Ada and Zoradah Roach were visiting Mrs. W. T. Reece Wednesday of last week.

Mr. Bill Traylor passed through this place Monday on his return from Cincinnati.

Mr. John Simpson and wife visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reece Sunday.

Mrs. G. T. Simpson of this place is visiting her daughter of Columbia.

The death of Mr. Willie Strange was very shocking to the people of this place.

Mr. A. C. Frodge and daughter attended the funeral of Mr. Willie Strange.

Mr. Herbert Sparks and Mr. Arthur Boston, of Redlick, were buying hogs here, Saturday of last week.

**Joppa.**

When I wrote my last letter I thought that if it did not go to the waste basket that I would write again some time.

Mr. Stults and Dr. O. P. Miller, of Columbia, were writing insurance for I. J. Williams last week.

People are preparing to put out a large crop of corn. Lots of ground all ready turned.

There will be several bunches of hogs near this place. The only way we see out is to have more pounds on the hogs when we put them on the market.

The people of the neighborhood went to C. W. Young's corn field last week and when night came they had his corn in the crib and all went home feeling good.

Mrs. Lizzie Murrell has been sick for some time but is better.

Mrs. Toria Willin visited her daughter Mrs. A. M. Hadley, of Russell county last week.

Willie Powell's remains were brought here on January 24, and layed to rest in the graveyard on R. M. Cabbell's place. Funeral services were held by Eld. Z. T. Williams of Columbia. A large crowd attended the funeral.

Mrs. Clara Young is some better at this writing.

Mr. Doolittle was here looking after his business one day last week.

**Fairplay.**

Some of our farmers have commenced breaking corn ground.

Mr. J. M. Grider is very low with pneumonia fever.

M. R. Darnell, of Gadberry, spent Wednesday night with his

cousin, W. L. Bennett, this place.

S. T. Bennett made a business trip to Glensfork-Wednesday.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Will Strange, who lived near Picnic. He was a good man and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

We are informed that S. F. Harvey, this place, and Millard Corbin, of Sparksville, will erect a new store building on Harvey's Ridge and go into the goods business.

Mrs. Rena McIntier was visiting Mrs. Ina Spoon one day last week.

Mr. F. L. Darnell and wife have removed to their new home on the Sparksville-Fairplay road and Mr. C. C. Lewis, of near Columbia, has removed to the F. H. Bryant property on the Crocus road formerly occupied by Mr. Darnell.

Revs. Emery and Firkin have just closed a two weeks' revival at Harvey's Ridge school house. In our judgment it was one of the best meetings that has been in this vicinity for several years. There were 15 or 20 conversions and the christian people greatly revived.

Mrs. S. F. Harvey is real sick at this writing.

**Cane Valley.**

Health of this neighborhood is very good with the exception of a few very severe colds.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Newton, who have been visiting relatives at this place, have returned to their home at Spurlington.

Mrs. Mary L. Grant, who has been sick for several weeks, is slowly improving.

Born, to the wife of John Hubbard, a daughter. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Miss Ruth VanHoy entertained a number of her friends last Friday. Although the number was small a sumptuous dinner was served and every one had a delightful day. The following were Present: Misses Stella Riall, Irene Humphress and Susie Banks.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Johnston, and Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Banks spent last Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Page.

**Col. Swinebroad Optimistic.**

At Lancaster Monday the I. J. pilgrim ran across Col. G. B. Swinebroad, the "sale wizard," and asked him how he felt about land sales during the present year. "Fine," he said. "I am already booking a number of farms and will sell them at good prices. Things are all right, the only trouble being that the money powers are profiteering. This will be stopped in time and we will soon forget all about the low price of tobacco and our other little troubles. One thing you newspaper men ought to do is this—try and stop this cry of hard times. It is imagination to a great extent. True, money is tight, but nobody is wanting for anything, barns are full of corn and there's lots to eat in the land. Those who have it to sell are getting reasonably good prices, while those who have to buy are experiencing very little trouble in getting the where-with to purchase with. Things

could be far worse. Let's make the best of things and be thankful they're no worse." Col. Swinebroad is right all along the line. We can talk a thing until we are made to believe it is true. The Interior Journal commends the colonel's optimism to its readers generally, hoping that they will do as he suggests, quit crying hard times and make the best of what is before us.—Interior Journal.

**Prosperity Ahead.**

Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, says an era of business prosperity is on its way. We trust that he is right, for his opinion is worth more than that of most business men.

One thing is certain, the worst depression is over. It has hurt, and hurt badly, but this country has recovered from more serious business depression than now exists.

The Stock Exchange, which is as good a barometer of business as we have, shows unmistakable signs of steady gain in most all kinds of securities, especially industrials.

Money is becoming more plentiful and easier to get, with a lower rate of interest prevailing.

The drummer is on the road again. He is so numerous that flocks of them are invading

every town, and once again they are filling the hotels. This is a good business symptom.

The labor problem remains comparatively unsettled, and the scale of wages must come down so as to meet other conditions and in proportion to the cost of living.

The farmers have had a terrible jolt in selling their stock at greatly reduced prices, when it was fed on high priced feed with high priced labor; but he also has passed the rubicon of depression, and with his ability to borrow money at reduced rates, he will "get on his feet" again.

There will be no general prosperity in the country until the farmers are prosperous, and we think that he will shortly have a foreign market for his surplus, which will materially help the situation.

It is time to smile and not to frown, and to be cheerful enough to realize that things could be a great deal worse and that they are soon going to get a great deal better.—Elizabeth-town Kentucky.

**Fordson Tractor Makes Record Run.**

Plows 40 days and nights; turns 900 acres without repairs.

Stopping only for gasoline and oil, a Fordson tractor owned by N. Korpua of Ludden, Dickey

County, North Dakota, recently completed a record run of forty days. Three operators were assigned to the tractor, each working an eight hour shift, and thus keeping the tractor in operation twenty-four hours a day. "Nine hundred acres were plowed without one minute's stop for repairs," says the affidavit received by the Ford Company from the Fordson owner.

The tractor was purchased during the Summer of 1919. In the Spring of 1920, Korpua began his plowing and had already turned 200 acres before he conceived the idea of working the tractor day and night.

Electric head lights were installed, operators were obtained,

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

The price of the FORDSON tractor has been reduced from \$790.00 to \$625.00, effective immediately.

This price change has been made possible through lower cost of materials and the fact that we are now located in our new tractor plant with greatly increased economic manufacturing facilities in immediate connection with our foundry and machine shops and large blast furnaces where iron is poured directly from the ore, giving us maximum efficiency with the power to reduce cost of production, and down comes the price in line with our policy to market our products at the lowest possible figure without in any way affecting our high standard of quality.

We are particularly pleased in being able to bring about this big reduction in the price at this time because the farmer needs all the help we can give him and this big cut in price will be the means of placing a valuable power unit within the reach of practically everyone of them, not to mention industrial and commercial concerns which likewise have benefited through its use and are already realizing to a much greater extent, its value as a power and hauling unit. But particularly has the FORDSON tractor proved a most valuable factor in the saving of farm labor, at the same time increasing the per acre crop yield as well as making possible a utilization of previously uncultivated land, to say nothing of removing no end of drudgery.

There is no question that the use of machine power on the farm is the greatest advancement made in the development of agriculture, not only in money saving and money making results, as well as raising the standards of living on the farm to a much higher level, but because of its proven value in making every type of land more productive, and consequently our desire to place the FORDSON within the reach of all.

THERE IS NO CHANGE IN THE PRESENT FORD CAR AND TRUCK PRICES, which are already at the lowest possible figure, and now with rock-bottom reached on the tractor price a further reduction of price in either the car, truck or tractor is out of the question; in fact, the big price cuts have been made in anticipation of continuous maximum production and increases may be necessary before long if a large volume of new business is not obtained. Therefore, present prices of Ford products cannot be guaranteed against possible increases.

Ask for the book "The Fordson at Work," which will be supplied free of cost. Let us demonstrate the value of a Fordson on your farm, in your factory, lumber yard, coal yard, or in any general hauling or power work you have to do and let us have your order for a Fordson.

**The Buchahan-Lyon Co.**

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Columbia and Campbellsville, Ky.

**My Loss Your Gain**

I will Close Out the Remainder of my High Top Shoes, Sweaters, Underwear and Blankets at LESS than COST.

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Am permanently located in Columbia.

All Classes of Dental Work Done.

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All Work Guaranteed  
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and with no further special preparations, the little Fordson entered upon what turned out to be a record run for endurance.